

# The Mirror

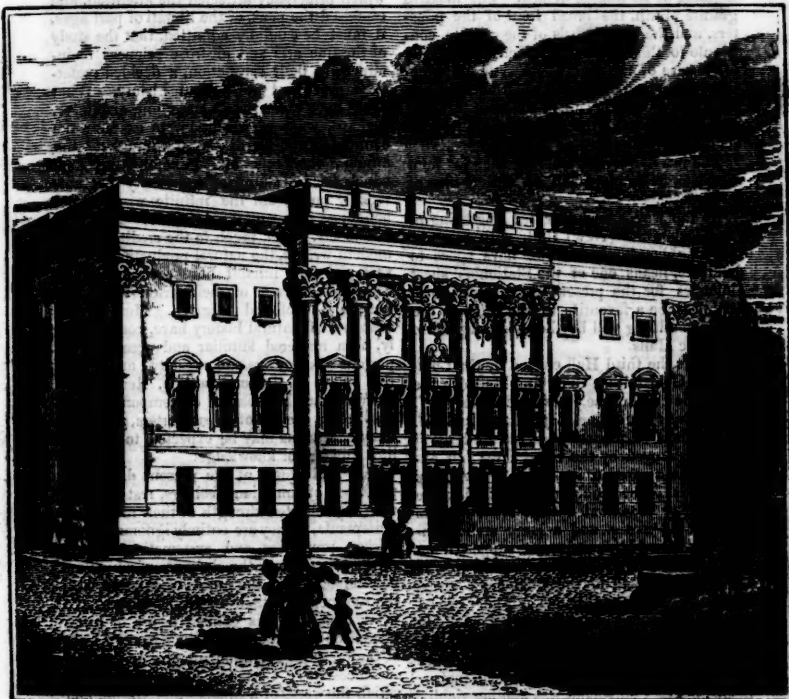
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 585.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1833.

[Price 2d.



## GOLDSMITHS' (NEW) HALL.

THIS superb structure is now in course of erection, from the designs of Mr. Hardwick, architect of the Marylebone New Church, St. Katherine's Docks, &c. It stands in Foster-lane, Cheapside, occupying the site of the old Hall, and somewhat more space obtained by purchase of adjoining houses, and facing the back-front of the New Post Office. It is of the Roman, or Composite order. The plinth or basement is of Haytor granite, and the superstructure of fine Portland stone.

The façade or principal front is represented in the Engraving. In the centre, resting on the granite plinth as a pedestal, are six columns, with enriched Corinthian capitals; the wings being terminated with angular antæ, or pilasters of the same order. The entablature throughout the building is en-

riched with a bold cornice of extraordinary beauty; finished with a parapet; the centre having a plain attic. The basement story is channelled; and the windows of the principal story have enriched and boldly-projecting pediments, supported by handsome brackets; the centre windows opening to balconies with balustrades. The intercolumniations of the centre, above the first story, have, in place of the continuation of the windows of the second story, emblematic embellishments. In the centre division are the arms of the Goldsmiths' Company;\* on each side are charac-

\* The Goldsmiths' arms are quarterly, gules and azure, in the first and fourth, a leopard's head, or; in the second and third, a covered cup, between two buckles, all of the last; crest, a bent Goldsmith, in the dress of Elizabeth's reign, his right hand sustains

teristics of the festal appropriation of the Hall; and the extreme divisions are occupied by groups of naval and military trophies.

A single glance at this handsome building can scarcely fail to impress the beholder with its vastness, as well as with the elaborate richness of its minute details. The massive granite plinth, the broad front of the pilasters, and the bold curbels of the cornice, contribute to this admirable effect. The attic is likewise of the most appropriate introduction.\* The mouldings and other enrichments of the principal story are of the most pleasing character: among the former, the favourite echinus is prominent.

The interior of the building is so far from complete, as to afford but an outline idea of its disposal.

By the way, a well-executed Engraving of the Goldsmiths' (New) Hall, with more of the neighbourhood than we have space to delineate, heads one of the Stationers' sheet almanacs for the present year, which, will, doubtless, be a favourite in the City, as the present building will be the most elegant of the Civic Halls.

This is the third Hall erected by the Company of Goldsmiths. The first Hall, (on the site of the present one,) was founded in 1407, by Sir Drew Barentine, Lord Mayor in 1398. Stow calls it "a proper house, but not large;" it was destroyed by the Great Fire; but another fabric rose in its place a few years afterwards. The buildings were of brick, the front being ornamented with stone corners wrought in rustic, and a large arched entrance, with a high pediment supported on Doric columns, and open at the top, to give room for a shield of the Company's arms. The Hall itself was spacious and lofty, paved with black and white marble, and superbly embellished. The balustrade of the staircase was elegantly carved; and the walls bore reliefs of scrolls, flowers, and musical instruments. The Court-room was another richly-wainscoted apartment: the chimney-piece, of marble, was very sumptuous, the sides being adorned with male caryatides, and the whole enriched by scrolls, grapes, &c.

Above was a painting of St. Dunstan, the patron saint of the Company, in conversation with the Holy Virgin; having in the back-ground a representation of the saint burning the devil's nose, as described in the ancient legend, when assailed by the fiend with temptation.

ing a pair of scales, his left hand holding an ingot: supporters, unicorns: motto, "To God only be all glory." The arms are ancient: the crest and supporters were granted by Robert Cooke, Clarencieux, in 1571.

\* We believe the best introduction of an attic to be when the building has a proportionate basement or stylobate, and when the columns or ante of the principal order are not standing on the ground: which conditions are maintained in the present instance.

## THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

"States fall, arts fade, but nature doth not die!"

*Childe Harold.*

If we impartially enumerate the subjects which principally attracted the attention, and exercised the pens, of the literati of past ages, it must be candidly admitted, that the study of the fine arts and abstruse sciences maintained, in their estimation, a decided preference over that of natural history. What could have caused such a seeming distaste, or, perhaps, want of resolution, to examine the countless beauties displayed throughout the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, which bear a stamp of superiority that universally points out the infinite wisdom and boundless power of their Creator,—I am at a loss to say. But, much to the credit of more modern writers, the natural productions of the vast globe we inhabit have occupied a very considerable share of their strictest observation, and profound research. Most of the branches of natural history have, consequently, been rendered familiar and accessible to persons of every age and capacity; and whilst the names of Turton, Jardine, Rennie, and Loudon, and their learned contemporaries, are enrolled on the list of its supporters, great and daily accessions may be expected to this delightful store of knowledge.

Few individuals of the present day, at all possessed of ambitious feelings, rest satisfied with the collected strength of their mental acquirements, if they are entirely ignorant of the higher properties and systematic arrangements of a science, the elements of which are now implanted in the minds of children with the rudiments of their native language. To what, then, can this general desire of information be attributed? Are the natural talents of the present generation superior to those of our ancestors? Certainly not: the truth of which the works of a Shakspeare, Milton, and Pope, can fully attest. We must, therefore, conclude, that the limited state of information in former days may have been, in a great measure, owing to the difficulties which writers had to encounter in the circulation of their works. But the channels for the diffusion of learning have been latterly extended in an uncommon degree by the rapid improvements which have been effected in the arts of Printing and Engraving. What the former fails to convey by graphic description, is amply made up by the clear illustration of the latter; the advantages of which none but the affluent could formerly reap, and then but in a very circumscribed and complicated form; whilst now the means of instruction are placed in the hands of the humblest cottager. We have magazines of all prices; zoological and botanical gardens; Linnæan, geographical, geological, and philosophical societies, the pub-

lication of whose transactions materially tends to the advancement of useful knowledge.

In what view can the most perfect object of human discovery, or the chastest specimen of man's ingenuity, rival in excellence, or even bear the least comparison with, the most insignificant of God's creatures; the contemplation of which would fill the mind with a religious awe of Him, under whose protection and guidance "we live, move, and have our being?" If we can really regard His works in this admirable light, the hours of relaxation, from business of more urgent nature, would be pleasantly, and, at the same time, profitably spent, if devoted to the consideration of such wonderful productions. To think that the prosecution of such a course would be unattended with difficulties would be wrong; and far worse to dwell upon and suffer their ideal magnitude to deter us from following our inclination in so laudable a pursuit, before we are aware of their real nature and extent. By beginning at the root of the "tree of knowledge" with a firm resolution to overcome all the obstructions which ignorance, at first sight, imagines to be insuperable, we may, in a short time, become masters of the highest branch of that science which taste may lead us to explore. For such reasons, the good sense of the well-informed has prompted them to write introductory essays on the subject of natural history, placing it at once in the power of those who have not the opportunity, or, perhaps, the ability, of searching into and collecting together the information afforded by works in different languages, to benefit by the valuable experience and fruits arising from the copious writings of a few, whose time and attention have been occupied in the strict investigation of the expansive field of nature.

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J. H. I.

### THE ACORN.

(From the German.)

To an ancient, pious Bramin was a grandson born. Full of joy at the blessing which had again happened to his house, he said, "I will go out hence, and thank the Great Spirit and Father of Nature, who has blessed us; perhaps He may give me opportunity to honour Him, even through one good deed."—So spoke the Bramin, and went. The blossom of pure joy is gratitude, and its fruit benevolence.

With the lively feeling of honouring the Great and Beneficent Spirit, the old man stepped into the fields, and, in the shade of the trees, each of his thoughts was a prayer. Still sparkled the drops of a freshly-fallen shower on stalks, blossoms, and leaves. Although he had already seen the spring ninety times, nature seemed to him again made young, and fairer than ever; for she grows not old to him who reveres her Creator, and recognises in the figure the benevolent Sculptor.

The old man set on his way forward; and,

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on the beaten path, he found an acorn; the rain had already, through its fertilizing power, sent the germ forth, and the shell burst asunder—but it could not take root on the hard, bare path. He stooped, took it up, and said, "How charming it is to be brought thus far on my way, for easily hadst thou been trodden in pieces by the foot of the wanderer, or withered by the solar rays. Happy shall I be, if I can here do a good work, and, by deed, fulfil my inward sentiment, and the aim of wise nature advance, who with each breath shows a benefit;—even the smallest thankfulness is a sweet duty."

A youngster, who stood behind the oak-tree, and who had caught up the words of the Bramin, stepped forward, and jeeringly smiled.

"Why smilest thou?" asked the old man.

The youngster answered, "At thy childish thought, my elder; that thou canst rejoice at having rescued the life of an acorn!"

"Youngster," said the Bramin, "how art thou able to know my thoughts, since to-day is the first time thou hast seen me? and why dost thou peer at the small service which I intend to perform to nature? To her is the acorn worth as much as the tree; and, without that, this were not. Even virtue, my son, begins with the little; and, from this, mounts upwards the great: but the nearer she approaches to the completion of the original, even so much the more she, herself, inclines to humility and simplicity; and then to her is worth the smallest, as much as the highest. Sends not Brama, too, his ray and dew on the blade of grass as well as on the palm-tree?"

Thus spoke the old man with friendly seriousness. The youngster silently withdrew himself, full of veneration. He had seen the noble, old man in his dignity, and he wished to be like him; for frivolity itself must, in its heart, revere virtue.

The Bramin set forward on his way to a hill, which was overgrown round about with thorns. He met a pedlar, who asked, "Thinkest thou that, out of an acorn, thou canst rear a tree for thyself? Thou wilt, indeed, scarcely have the joy of its shade." The old man answered, "Must one, at the planting, think only on the shade of the tree, and on one's self? Does nature so? My son, he who has not planted earlier than, and before, yesterday, finds in the planting itself his motive and his joy."

He came to the hill, on the peak of which, among the thorns, he buried the acorn, and covered it carefully over with earth and moss.

"Why plantest thou among thorns?" called out a herdsman opposite to him; "thou carest badly for thy nursing."

"Friend," replied the Bramin, "so long as the little plant is tender and small, the thorns will shelter it from raw winds and injury; and, when it grows up, it will work a way through for itself—for it is an oak. My son, I have obtained this of nature; the good mo-

ther considers equally the tenderness and strength of her foster-children."

After the old man had completed his work, he trod gaily on the way back to his home-stand. He who builds on the highways, thought he, has many a master; but the skilful man goes his own road. As he drew near to his hut, his grandsons and great-grandsons sprang towards him, and asked, "Where hast thou been so long?" But he assembled them around about him, and recounted all which had happened to him: and the little children caressed the old man whilst he spoke; the elder ones, however, hung on his lips, and hearkened to him. "Oh," said the old man, when he had finished, "there is certainly no place fairer than in the lap of nature, when the father loves his offspring, and, in the quiet circle of his family, is beloved by his children. Yes, love-abounding Brama!" cried he, and glanced upwards to heaven, "in the quiet circle of nature and of domestic peace stands thy holy temple!"

The new-planted oak soon grew forth out of the germ, and raised itself up above the thorns, and became a spreading, shady tree. There died the old man, and his loved-ones buried him on the hill: and whenever they saw the tree, and heard its rustlings, they were mindful of the life and wise sayings of the Bramin, even to the latest times, and recited from him, and sought to become like him,—for the word of a wise man is as a grain of corn in the fruitful ground. W. G. C.

### WAGES.

In 1530, the wages of husbandmen and full labourers were eightpence a-day each. In the reign of Henry VIII., the wages of a falconer were generally a groat a-day, and he was allowed a penny a-day for the food of each hawk entrusted to his care. A huntsman received thirty-five shillings and fivepence a-quarter; and, as well as most of the other servants, he had fourpence a-day board-wages. The allowance for the boys of the stable was one shilling and eightpence per week each; and of the King's riding-boys two shillings a-week each. The keeper of the Barbary horse was allowed one shilling and eightpence a-week for his board, his wages being four pounds a-year. The hen-taker was, however, better paid; as he received two pounds, five shillings, and sevenpence a quarter. The regular wages of the King's watermen were ten shillings a-quarter; but, it would appear, that they were paid extra upon every occasion they were employed. Sexton, the fool's servant's wages were fifteen-shillings a-quarter. The gardeners of York-place, and of Baulie, or New-hall, in Suffolk, received twelve pounds per annum; the gardener of Greenwich twenty pounds a-year; and the gardeners of Windsor and Wanstead four pounds a-year.—W. G. C.

### New Books.

#### THE COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1833.

By Thomas Hood, Esq.

SUCH is the title of Mr. Hood's volume. He does not add and super-add, a Christmas present and New-year's gift, though he might do so with greater propriety than his more sombre brethren or sisterhood of the *Annual* family. He does not sail in the sea of sentiment, or linger about the lake of lugubriousness; but, singing

Mirth admit me of thy crew,

he strikes through the ocean of revelry, and leaves the poor, dull, dripping mortals, to whine forth their sonnets and complaints to hearts of rock and stone. His book and name have the very air of promise, and furnish pleasant spice of agreeable small-talk in this season of pastime; whilst some over-cunning folks borrow his jokes, and pass them off as their own. The volume before us is as racy as ever in generous outpourings, with none of the lees, of paffer and pun making. The Cuts are even of better execution, if not design, than in previous years; and one of them, a fat, puffy tax-gatherer, wittily termed "The Great Plague of London," will, we hope, last as long as taxes are gathered; which fame may probably be set down as an immortality. We do not describe the Cuts, as they best tell themselves; and the fun of the letter-press must be *per se*. One of our prose favourites is

#### THE UNFAVOURABLE REVIEW

"You remember Philiphaugh, Sir?"

"Umph!" said the Major, "the less we say about that, John, the better."

Old Mortality.

To Mr. Robert Cherry, the Orchard, Kent.

DEAR BOB,—It's no use your making more stir about the barley. Business has no business to stand before king and country, and I couldn't go to Ashford Market and the review at the same time. The Earl called out the Yeomanry for a grand field day at Bumper Daggie Bottom Common, and to say nothing of its being my horse duty to attend, I wouldn't have lost my sight for the whole barley in Kent. Besides the Earl, the great Duke did us the honour to come and see the troops go through everything, and it rained all the time. Except for the crops, a more unfavouring day couldn't have been picked out for man or beast, and many a nag has got a consequential cough.

The ground was very good, with only one leap that nobody took, but the weather was terribly against. It blew equinoctious gales, and rained like watering pots with the rose off. But as somebody said, one cannot always have their reviews cut and dry.

We set out from Ashford at ten, and was two hours getting to Bumper Daggie Bottom Common, but it's full six mile. The Bumper

Daggie's dress is rather handsome and fighting-like—blue, having a turn-up with white, and we might have been called cap-a-pee, but Mr. P. the contractor of our caps, made them all too small for our heads. Luckily the clothes fit, except Mr. Lambert's who couldn't find a jacket big enough; but he scorned to shrink, and wore it loose on his shoulder, like a hussar. As for arms, we had all sorts, and as regards horses, I am sorry to say all sorts of legs—what with splints, and quitters, and ring-bone, and grease. The major's, I noticed, had a bad spavin, and was no better for being fired with a ramrod, which old Clinker the blacksmith forgot to take out of his piece.

We mustard very strong—about sixty—besides two volunteers, one an invalid, because he had been ordered to ride for exercise, and the other because he had nothing else to do, and he did nothing when he came. We must have been a disagreeable site to eyes as is unaffected towards government,—though how Hopper's horse would behave in putting down riots I can't guess, for he did nothing but make revolutions himself, as if he was still in the thrashing mill. But you know yomanry an't regier's and can't be expected to be veterans all at once. The worst of our mistakes was about the cullers. Old ensign Cobb, of the White Horse, has a Political Union club meets at his house, and when he came to unfurl, he had brought the wrong flag—instead of "Royal Bumper Daggie," it was "No Boromongers." It made a regular horse laugh among the cavalry; and old Cobb took such dudgeon at us, he deserted home to the White Horse, and cut the concern without drawing a sword. The captain ordered Jack Blower to sound the recall to him, but sun wag on the rout had stuck a bung up his trumpet; and he galloped off just as crusty about it as old Cobb. Our next trouble was with Simkin, but you know he is any thing but Simkin and Martial. He rid one of his own docked wagon-horses—but for appearance sake had tied on a long regulation false tale, that made his horse kick astonishing, till his four loose shoes flew off like a game of koits. Of course nobody liked to stand nigh him, and he was obliged to be drawn up in single order by himself, but not having any one to talk to, he soon got weary of it, and left the ground. This was some excuse for him—but not for Dale, that deserted from his company—some said his horse bolted with him, but I'll swear I seed him spur. Up to this we had only one more deserter, and that was Marks, on his iron-grey mare; for she heard her foal whinnying at home, and attended to that call more than to a deaf and dumb trumpet. Biggs didn't come at all; he had his nag stole that very morning, as it was waiting for him, pistols and all. \* \* \*

We got thro' sword exercise decent well,—only Barber shaved Crofts' mare with his sabre, which he needn't have done, as she was clipt before; and Holdsworth slashed off his cob's off ear. It was cut and run with her in course; and I hope he got safe home. We don't know what Hawkesley might have thrust, as his sword objected to be called out in wet weather, and stuck to its sheath like pitch; but he went thro' all the cuts very correct with his umbrella. For my own part, candour compels to state I swished off my left hand man's feather; but tho' it might have been worse, and I apologized as well as I could for my horse fretting, he was foolish enough to huff at, and swear was done on purpose, and so galloped home, I suspect, to write me a calling out challenge. Challenge or not, if I fight him with any thing but fists, I'm not one of the Yomanry. An accident's an accident, and much more pardonable than Hawkesley opening his umbrella plump in the face of the Captain's blood charger; and ten times more mortifying for an officer to be carried back willy-nilly to Ashford, in the very middle of the review. Luckily before Hawkesley frightened any more, he was called off to hold his umbrella over Mrs. H., as Mrs. Morgan had taken in nine ladies, and couldn't accommodate more in her close carriage, without making it too close.

After sword exercise we shot pistols, and I must say, very well and distinct; only, old Dunn didn't fire; but he's deaf as a post, and I wonder how he was called out. Talking of volleys, I am sorry to say we fired one before without word of command; but it was all thro' Day on his shooting pony putting up a partridge, and in the heat of the moment letting fly, and as he is our fugelman we all did the same. Lucky for the bird it was very strong on the wing, or the troop must have brought it down; howsomever the Karl looked very grave, and said some thing that Day didn't choose to take from him, being a qualified man, and taking out a regular license, so he went off to his own ground where he might shoot without being called to account. Contrary to reason and expectation, there was very few horses shied at the firing; but we saw Bluff lying full length, and was afraid it was a bust; but we found his horse, being a very quiet one, had run away from the noise. He was thrown on his back in the mud, but refused to leave the ground. Being a man of spirit, and military incline, he got up behind Bates; but Bates's horse objecting to such back-gammon, rear'd and threw doublets. As his knees was broke, Bates and Bluff was forced to lead him away, so the troop lost two more men, tho' for once against their own wills.

I forgot to say in firing, the Doctor from Feversham, and I've no doubt he's wright,

thought proper to use James's Powder. As for Roper he had bragged how he could stand fire, but seeing a great light over the village, he set off full Swing to look after his ricks and barns.

The next thing to be done was charging, and between you and me, I was most anxious about that, as many of us could only ride up to a certain *pitch*. If you've ever been throwd you'll know what I mean; to tell the truth, when the word came, I seed some lay hold of their saddles, but Barnes had better have laid hold of any thing else in the world, for it turned round with him at the first start. Simkin fell at the same time insensibly, but the doctor dismounted and was very happy to attend him without making any charge whatever. All the rest went off gallantly, either galloping or cantering, tho' as they say at Canterbury races, there was some wonderful tailing on account of the difference of the nags. Grimsby's mare was the last of the lot, and for her backwardness in charging we called her the Mare of Bristol, but he took the jest no better than Cobb did, and when we wheel'd to the right he was left. Between friends, I was not sorry when the word came to pull up—such crossing, and jeoling, and foul riding; but two farmers seemed to like it, for they never halted when the rest did, but galloped on out of sight. I have since heard they had matched their two negs the day before to run two miles for a sovereign; I don't think a sovereign should divert a man from his king; but I can't write the result as they never came back,—I suppose on account of the wet. The rains, to speak cavalry like, had got beyond bearing rains; and when we formed line again it was like a laundress's clothes line, for there wasn't a dry shirt on it. One man on a lame horse rode particularly restive, and objected in such critical weather to a long review. He wouldn't be cholera morbus'd, he said, for Duke or Devil, but should put his horse up and go home by the blue Stage; by way of answer he was ordered to give up his arms and his jacket, which he did very off hand as it was wet thro'. However it was thought prudent to dispense with us till fine weather, so we was formed into a circle—9 bobble square, and the Duke thanked us in a short speech for being so regular, and loyal, and soldier-like, after which every man that had kept his seat gave three cheers.

On the whole the thing might have been very gratifying, but on reviewing the Field day, the asthmas and agues are uncommonly numerous, and to say nothing of the horses that are amiss with coffs and colds—there are three dead and seven lame for life. The Earl has been very much blamed under the rose among the privates, for fixing on a Hunting day, which I forgot to say, carried away a dozen that were mounted on their hunters.

I am sorry to say there was so few left at the end of all, as to suffer themselves to be hissed into the town by the little boys and gale, and called the Horse Gomeris; and that consequently the corpse as a body is as good as defunct. Not that there were many resign'd at the end of the review, as his Lordship gave a grand dinner on the following day to the troop; but I am sorry to say, a great many was so unhandsome as to throw up the very day after. The common excuse among them was something of not liking to wet their swords against their countrymen.

For my own part as the yomanry cannot go on, I shall stick to it honorably, and as any man of spirit would do in my case; but don't be afraid of my attending Market, come what will, and selling the barley at the best quotation.

I am, dear Brother,  
Your's and the Colonel's to command,

JAMES CHERMY.

P.S.—I forgot to tell what will make you laugh. Barlow wouldn't ride with spurs, because, he said, they made his horse prick his ears. Our poor corps, small as it is, I understand is like to act in divisions. Some wish to be infantry instead of cavalry; and the farmers from the hop grounds want to be Polish Lancers.

I have just learned Ballard, and nine more of the men, was ordered to keep the ground; but it seems they left before the Troop came on it. They say in excuse, they stood in the rain till they were ready to drop; and as we didn't come an hour after time, they thought everything was postponed. "None but the brave," they said, "deserve the fair;" and till it was fair, they wouldn't attend again.

The mare you lent Ballard, I am sorry to say, got kicked in several places, and had her shoulder put out; we was advised to give her a swim in the sea, and I am still more sorry to say, in swimming her we drowned her. As for my own nag, I am afraid he has got string-halt; but one comfort is, I think it diverts him from kicking.

Another, though less novel, is a letter from "Van Demon's" Land:

A LETTER FROM A SETTLER FOR LIFE IN  
VAN DEMON'S LAND.

To Mary, at No. 45, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

"DEAR MARY—Littel did I think wen I advertised in the Times for another Place of taking wan in Vandemin's land. But so it his and hear I am among Kangeroses and Savidges and other Forriners. But government offering to Yung Wimin to Find them in Vittles and Drink and Close and Husbands was turns not to be sneezed at, so I rit to the Outlandish Secketary and he was so Kind as Grant.

Wen this cums to Hand go to Number 22

Pimpernel Place And mind and go betwixt  
Six and seven For your own Sake cos then the  
familys Having Diner give my kind love to  
betty Housmad and Say I am safe of my  
Journey to Forrin parts And I hope master  
has never Mist the wine and brought them  
into trubble on My accounts. But I did not  
Like to leave for Ever And Ever without  
trotting my Friends and feller servants and  
Drinking to all their fairwells. In my Flury  
wen the Bell rung I forgot to take My own  
Key out of missis Tekaddy but I hope sum  
wan had the thought And it is in Good  
hands but shall Be obleeged to no. Lick-  
wise thro my Loness of Sperrits my lox of  
Hares quite went out of My Hed as was prom-  
miste to Be giv to George and Willum and  
the too Futmen at the too next dores But I  
hop and Trust betty pacified them with lox  
of Her hone as I begd to be dun wen I rit  
Her from dover. O Mary wen I first see the  
dover Wite cliffs out of site wat with sque-  
mishness and Felings I all most repentid  
givin Inland warning And had doubts if I  
was goin to better my self. But the steward  
was very kind tho I could make Him no re-  
turns xcept by Dustin the ship for Him And  
helpin to wash up his dishes. Their was 50  
moor Yung Wimmin of us and By way of  
passin tim We agreed to tell our Histris  
of our selves taken by Turns But they all turnd  
out Alick we had All left on account of Tes-  
tacious masters And crustacious Mississis  
and becoss the Wurks was to much For our  
Strenthas but betwixt yew and Me the real  
truths was beeing Flirted with and unprom-  
mist by Perfidus yung men. With sich ex-  
amples before these Minds I wonder sum of  
them was unprudent enuff to Lissen to the  
Salers whom are covered with Pitch but  
famous Not stiking to there Wurds. has for  
Me the Mate chose to be very Partickler wan  
nite Setting on a Skane of Rops but I giv  
Him is Anser and lucky I did for am in-  
fourmd he as Got too more Marred Wives in  
a state of Biggamy thank Goodness wan can  
marry in new Wurlds without mates. Since  
I have bean in My present Sitation I have  
had between two and three offers for My  
Hands and expex them Every day to go to  
fistcufs about Me this is sum thing lick treet-  
ing Wimmin as Wimmin ought to be treeted  
Nun of your sassy Buchers and Backers as  
brakes there Promissis the sam as Pi Crust  
wen its maid Lite and shivvry And then laffs  
in Your face and say they can hav anny Gal  
they lick round the Square. I dont menshun  
nams but Eddard as drives the Fancy bred  
will no Wat I mean. As soon as ever the  
Botes rode to Land I dont aggrivate the Truth  
to say they was haf a dursin Bows apceae to  
Hand us out to shoar and sum go so Far as  
say they was offered to thro Specking Trumpits  
afore they left the Shipside. \* \* \*

Among our verse pets is—

### A Happy New Year.

"If th' affairs of this world did not make us so sad,  
'Twould be easy enough to be merry."—OLD SONG.

THERE is nothing but plague in this house !  
There's the turbot is stole by the cat,  
The Newfoundland has ate up the grouse,  
And the haunch has been gnaw'd by a rat !  
It's the day of all days when I wish'd  
That our friends should enjoy our good cheer ;  
Mr. Wiggins—our dinner is dish'd—  
But I wish you a happy New Year !

Mr. Rudge has not call'd, but he will,  
For his rates, church, and highway, and poor ;  
And the butcher has brought in his bill—  
Twice as much as the quarter before.  
Little Charles is come home with the mumps,  
And Matilda with measles, I fear ;  
And I've taken two sov'reigns like dumps—  
But I wish you a happy New Year !

Your poor brother is in the Gazette,  
And your banker is off to New York ;  
Mr. Bigsby has died in your debt,  
And the "Wiggins" has fondler'd near Cork.  
Mr. Merrington's bill is come back ;  
You are chosen to serve overseas ;  
The new wall is beginning to crack—  
But I wish you a happy New Year !

The best dinner-let's fall'n to the ground ;  
The militia's call'd out, and you're drawn ;  
Not a piece of our plate can be found,—  
But there's marks of men's feet on the lawn ;  
Two anonymous letters have come,  
That declare you shall die like a Ware ;  
And it may—or may not—be hum—  
But I wish you a happy New Year !

The old lawsuit with Levy is lost ;  
You are fined for not cleansing the street ;  
And the water-pipe's burst with the frost,  
And the roof lets the rain in and sleet  
Your old tenant at seventy-four  
Has gone off in the night, with his gear,  
And has taken the key of the door.  
But I wish you a happy New Year !

There's the "Sun" and the "Phoenix" to pay,  
For the chimney has blas'd like Old Nick ;  
The new gip has been jaum'd by a dray,  
And the old horse has taken to kick.  
We have hardly a bushel of small,  
And now coal is extravagant dear ;  
Your great coat is stole out of the hall—  
But I wish you a happy New Year !

The whole green-house is smash'd by the hail,  
And the plants have all died in the night ;  
The magnolia's blown down by the gale,  
And the chimney looks far from upright ;  
And—the dooce lake the man from the shop,  
That hung up the new glass chandelier !—  
It has come, in the end, to one drop—  
But I wish you a happy New Year !

There's misfortune wherever we dodge—  
It's the same in the country and town ;  
There's the porter has burn'd down his lodge,  
While he went off to smoke at the Crown,  
The fat butler makes free with your wine,  
And the footman has drunk the strong beer  
And the coachman can't walk in a lise—  
But I wish you a happy New Year !

I have doubts if your clerk is correct—  
There are hints of a mistress at Kew,  
And some day he'll abscond, I expect ;  
Mr. Brown has built out your back view  
The new housemaid the greatest of girls—  
She has men in the house, that is clear ;  
And the landress has pawn'd all your shirts—  
But I wish you a happy New Year !

Your "Account of a Visit to Rome,"  
Not a critic on earth seems to laud ;  
And old Huggins is lately come home,  
And will swear that your Claude is Claude ;

Your election is far from secure,  
 Though it's likely to cost very dear;  
 You're come out in a caricature—  
 But I wish you a happy New Year!

You've been christened an ass in the Times,  
 And the Chronicle calls you a fool;  
 And that dealer in boys, Dr. Ghymes,  
 Has engaged the next house for a school;  
 And the play-ground will run by the bow's  
 That you took so much trouble to rear—  
 We shall never have one quiet hour—  
 But I wish you a happy New Year!

Little John will not take to his book,  
 He's come home black and blue from the cane;  
 There's your uncle is courting his cook,  
 And your mother has married again!  
 Jacob Jones will be tried with his wife,  
 And against them you'll have to appear;  
 If they're hung, you'll be wretched for life—  
 But I wish you a happy New Year!

The Report on the Zoological Farm is

clever, and, like a hedgehog, all points. The plan is capital: extracts are given from the Society's Report, *bonâ fide*, accompanied by parallel passages from a Report furnished by one of the Keepers of the Farm. The fun is excellent, or, as small critics say, when they cannot describe merit, classical. The few verses entitled "The Charity Sermon" are droll, but not profane: they sing the scrapes of a benevolent man with exquisite humour.

The proprietor has obligingly enabled us to quote a sprinkle of the Cuts. The *Cardy-mums* are a riddle of equivocal application; for, be it known, that the Cardamum plant is named from its comforting and strengthening the heart, though it enters into the composition of "bitters."

CANTY-SINGING A DUBBOW—"I' COME TO THE POLE."



CARDY-MUMS.



## The Public Journals.

## IMPROVEMENT IN PUBLIC CARRIAGES.

[THE *Quarterly Review*, in the present dearth of criticisable Books, has betaken himself to topics of ordinary and every day interest. In the last Number he formally introduced an *exposé* of the effects of fashionable manners upon tradesmen and servants, in which paper, by the way, John Jones the rhyming butler, may have assisted the writer in gratitude for the reviewer's laudatory criticism: and, lo, now we have a paper of thirty pages upon the improvements in Public Carriages and Roads, with Dr. Kitchener's Traveller's Oracle, and the Horse and Carriage Oracle, "by John Jervis, an old coachman," as pegs whereon to hang the reviewer's facts and opinions. However oddly they may assort with the Philosophy of Apparitions, and the Lives of Charlemagne and Louis XVIII. in the same Number, we are thankful to the writer of this roadside economy, and accordingly transfer a portion of the paper to our pages.]

Thirty years ago, the Holyhead mail left London, *via* Oxford, at eight o'clock at night, and arrived in Shrewsbury between ten and eleven the following night, being twenty-seven hours to one hundred and sixty-two miles. This distance is now *done*, without the least difficulty, in sixteen hours and a quarter; and the Holyhead mail is actually at Bangor Ferry, eighty-three miles farther, in the same time it used to take in reaching the post-office at Shrewsbury. We fancy we now see it, as it was when we travelled on it in our schoolboy time, over the Wolverhampton and Shifnal stage—in those days loose, uncovered sand in part—with Charles Peters or old Ebben quitting his seat as guard, and coming to the assistance of the coachman, who had flogged his horses till he could flog them no longer. We think we see them crawling up the hill in Shrewsbury town—whip, whip, whip—and an hour behind their time "by Shrewsbury clock,"—the betting not ten to one that she had not been overturned on the road! It is now a treat to see her approach the town, if not before, never after her *minute*. A young man of the name of Taylor, a spirited proprietor, *across* her through Shrewsbury, from Hay-Gate to Nescliff, in a manner that deserves to be spoken of. The stages are ten and eight, and for these he has a team of bays, a team of greys, and two teams of chestnuts, that can show with England. Let us look to another coach out of this town at the period we have been speaking of—"the Shrewsbury and Chester *Highflyer*!" This coach started from Shrewsbury at eight o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Chester about the same time in the evening—distance *forty miles*. This was

always a good, hard road for wheels, and rather favourable for draught—and how then could all these hours be accounted for? Why, if a "commercial gentleman" had a little business at Ellesmere, there was plenty of time for that. If a "*real gentleman*" wanted to pay a morning visit on the road, there could be no objection to that. In the pork-pie season half an hour was generally consumed in consuming one of them, for Mr. Williams, the coachman, was a wonderful favourite with the farmer's wives and daughters all along the road. The coach dined at Wrexham—for coaches lived well in those days; they now live upon air;—and Wrexham church was to be seen—a fine specimen of the florid gothic, and one of the wonders of Wales! Then Wrexham was also famous for ale—no public breweries in those days in Wales—and, above all, the inn belonged to Sir Watkin! About two hours were allowed for dinner; but "Billy Williams"—one of the best tempered fellows on earth, as honest as Aristides, and at this moment upon the same ground—was never particular to half an hour or so: "The coach is ready, gentlemen," he would say, "but don't let me disturb you, if you wish for another bottle." A coach now runs over this ground *a trifle under four hours*!!

The Brighton road may be said to be covered with coaches, no less than twenty-five running upon it in the summer. The fastest is the Red Rover, which performs the journey under five hours. That called the Age, when driven and horsed by the late Mr. Stevenson, was an object of such admiration at Brighton, that a crowd was every day collected to see it start. Mr. Stevenson was a graduate of Cambridge, but his passion for the *bench* got the better of all other ambitions, and he became a coachman by profession;—and it is only justice to his memory to admit that, though cut off in the flower of his youth, he had arrived at perfection in his art. His education and early habits had not, however, been lost upon him; his demeanour was always that of a gentleman; and it may be fairly said of him, that he introduced the phenomenon of refinement into a stage-coach. At a certain change of horses on the road, a silver sandwich box was handed to his passengers by his *servant*, accompanied by the offer of a glass of sherry to such as were so inclined. Well-born coachmen prevail on this road. A gentleman connected with the first families in Wales, and whose father long represented his native county in Parliament, horsed and drove one side of the ground with Mr. Stevenson; and Mr. Charles Jones, brother to Sir Thomas Tyrwhit Jones, has now a coach on it called the Pearl, which he both horsed and drives himself. The Bognor coach, horsed by the Messrs. Walkers of Mitchell Grove, and driven in the first style by Mr.

John Walker, must also be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers.

But to return to fast work; the Edinburgh mail runs the distance, 400 miles, in forty hours, and we may set our watches by it at any point of her journey. Stoppages included, this approaches eleven miles in the hour, and much the greater part of it by lamplight. The Exeter day coach, the Herald, from the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill, runs over her ground, 173 miles,\* in twenty hours—admirable performance, considering the natural unevenness of the country through which it has to pass. The Devonport mail does her work in first-rate style, 227 miles in twenty-two hours. In short, from London to Cheltenham, Gloucester, Worcester, Birmingham, Norwich, or any other place, whose distance does not much exceed one hundred miles, is now little more than a pleasant morning drive. We say *pleasant*, for this extraordinary speed is *not* attained, generally speaking, by putting animals to anything like cruel exertion. A fast coach has very nearly a horse to every mile of ground it runs—reckoning one way, or “one side of the ground.”† Proprietors of coaches have at length found out—though they were a long time before they did discover it,—that the hay and corn market is not so expensive as the horse market. They have, therefore, one horse in four always at rest; or, in other words, each horse lies still on the fourth day, thus having the advantage of man. For, example, if ever we turn coach proprietors, or “get into harness,” as the proper term is—which, as we have become fox-hunters, is by no means impossible—we shall keep ten horses for every ten miles stage we engage to cover. In this case, eight horses only will be at work, four up and four down. If the stage be under seven miles, nine horses may do the work; but no horse in a fast coach can continue to run every day, the excitement of high keep and profuse sweating producing disease. In practice, perhaps no animal toiling for man, solely for *his profit*, leads so easy and so comfortable a life as the English coach-horse. He is sumptuously fed, kindly treated, and if he do suffer a little in his work, he has twenty-three hours in the twenty-four of luxurious ease. He is now almost a stranger to the laah, nor do we ever see him with a broken skin; but we often see him kick up his heels when taken from his coach, after having performed his stage of ten miles in five minutes under the hour. So much for condition.

\* From Calais to Paris is the same distance; the diligence takes at least 48 hours in the summer, and from 50 to 60 in the winter. The Exeter mail is allowed 18 hours from London to Exeter; the Paris mail from 26 to 36 hours from Calais to Paris, and this is reckoned quick work.

† For example, from London to Shrewsbury is 150 miles, and the number of horses kept for the Wonder coach is 150.

No horse lives so high as a coach-horse. In the language of the road, his stomach is the measure of his corn; he is fed *ad libitum*. The effect of this is visible in two ways—first, it is surprising to see how soon horses gather flesh in this severe work—for there is none more severe whilst it lasts; and, secondly, proprietors find that good flesh is no obstacle to their speed, but, on the contrary, operates to their advantage. Horses draw by their weight and not by the force of their muscles, which merely assist the application of that weight; the heavier a horse is then, the more powerful is he in his harness; in short, it is the weight of the animal which produces the draught, and the play and force of his muscles serve to continue it. Light horses, therefore, how good soever their action, ought not to be put to draw a heavy load, as muscular force cannot act against it for any length of time.

The average price of horses for fast coaches may be about 23*l*. Fancy teams, and those working out of London, may be rated considerably higher than this; but taking a hundred miles of ground, *well horsed*, this is about the mark. The average period of each horse's service does not exceed four years in a fast coach—perhaps scarcely so much. In a slow one we may allow seven; but in both cases we are alluding to horses put to the work at five or six years old. Considerable judgment is necessary to the selection of horses for fast work in harness; for if they have not action which will command the pace they are timed at, they soon destroy themselves. For a wheel-horse he should have sound fore legs, or he cannot be depended upon, down hill. Good hind legs and well spread guskins are also essential points in a coach-horse—the weight or force applied proceeding from the fulcrum formed by the hinder feet. The price we have named as the average one for such animals may appear a very low one; but we must remember that to be a hunter a horse must have length of shoulder, length of frame, well placed hinder legs, and a well-bitted mouth—whereas, without any of these qualities he may make an excellent coach-horse—and hence the value of the coach market to our breeders. Blemished horses also find their way into coaches, as do those whose tempers are bad; neither is a blind horse, with good courage, altogether objectionable now the roads are so level.

It may not be uninteresting to the uninitiated to learn how a coach is *worked*. We will then assume that A, B, C, and D enter into a contract to horse a coach eighty miles—each proprietor having twenty miles; in which case, he is said to *cover both sides of the ground, or, to and fro*. At the expiration of twenty-eight days, the lunar month, a settlement takes place, and if the gross earnings of the coach should be 10*l*. per mile,

there will be 800*l.* to divide between the four proprietors, after the following charges have been deducted, viz., tolls, duty to government, mileage, (or hire of the coach, to the coachmaker,) two coachmen's wages, porter's wages, rent or charges of booking offices at each end, and washing the coaches. These charges may amount to 150*l.*, which leaves 650*l.* to keep eighty horses and to pay the horse-keepers, for a period of twenty-eight days; or nearly 160*l.* to each proprietor for the expenses of his twenty horses, being 2*l.* per week, per horse. Thus it appears, that a fast coach, properly appointed, cannot pay unless its gross receipts amount to 10*l.* per double mile; and that even then, the *horse*'s profits depend on the luck he has with his stock.

In the present age, the art of mechanism is eminently reduced to the practical purposes of life, and the modern form of the stage-coach seems to have arrived at perfection. It combines prodigious strength with almost incredible lightness, not weighing more than about eighteen hundred weight; and being kept so much nearer the ground than formerly, is of course considerably safer. Accidents, no doubt, occur, and a great many more than meet the public eye; but how should this be otherwise, when we take into account the immense number of coaches on the road, a great portion of which travel through the night, and have all the varieties of our climate to contend with. No one will assert that the proprietors guard against accidents to the utmost of their power—but the great competition they have to encounter is a strong stimulant to their exertions on this score. Indeed, in some respects, the increase of pace has become the traveller's security.\* Coaches and harness must be of the best quality; horses must be fresh and sound, and coachmen of science and respectability can alone be employed.

On the whole, however, travelling by public conveyances was never so secure as it is at the present time. Nothing can be more favourable to it than the build of the modern coaches. The boots being let down between the springs, keep the load, consequently the centre of gravity, low: the wheels of many of them are secured by patent boxes; and in every part of them the best materials are used. The cost of coaches of this description is from 130*l.* to 150*l.*; but they are generally hired from the maker, at from 2*l.* to 3*l.* per mile.

The common height of the stage-coach wheels of the present day, is as follows:—the fore wheels three feet four inches, the hinder four feet eight inches. As the former turn

round so much oftener than the latter, and also bear more weight, they require to have their felloes fresh wrung about every five weeks; whereas, the latter will stand good for two months, or more. The strength of a wheel depends greatly on the attention paid to the arrangement and framing of the spokes. In common wheels, they are framed regularly and equally all round the thickest part of the nave, the tenons of the spokes being so bevelled as to stand about three inches out of perpendicular, by which is produced the *dishing* wheel. This dishing, or concave wheel, is not essential on our present rutless road, and perpendicular wheels are preferable on level ground. The best wheels we know of, are those under our mail-coaches. The spokes are framed somewhat differently into the nave, which is made rather larger than is usual for common coach wheels, and every other spoke is framed perpendicular to the nave. Hence, the mortises to receive them in it are not made in a parallel line round it, but stand as it were in two different parallels—one without the other—by which means greater solidity is given to the nave, and an immense addition of strength to the wheel. What is called the patent hoop, always used in stage coaches, having the iron tire drawn into one complete ring—is not put on these wheels, but the common strokes, as they are called, forged and hammered to the sweep of the rings, and in lengths equal to those of the felloes, are put on red hot, and well secured by rivetted nails. The mail fore-wheel is somewhat higher than that of the stage-coach, which is an advantage. Low fore-wheels place the axle so much below the level of the wheel-horse's breasts, that they have not only the carriage to draw, but also part of its weight to bear. This weight distresses their hams, stifles, and hocks, and accounts for coach-horses being so soon unfit for the saddle. It is evident that attention to these points is necessary in putting horses to a coach, and when the fore wheels are low, the wheel-horses should have as much length of trace as can be given them, for the line of traction should be as nearly even with the draught of the horse as we can make it.†

† Thus it is with a farmer's wagon. When the shaft-horse is standing at rest—allowing two degrees of an angle for that position—the point of the shaft is nearly even with the top of the fore wheel, but when the horse exerts his strength to move a load, he brings his breast so much nearer the ground, that the line of draught is almost horizontal, and in a line with its centre. The trace of a coach-horse, when he stands at rest, is also oblique to the horizon, and must be so with low fore-wheels; but it approaches the horizontal when he is at work, and the nearer it approaches to it the better. Horses draw by their weight, and not by the force of their muscles; the hinder feet, then, being the fulcrum of the lever by which their weight acts against a load, when they pull hard, it depresses their chests—thus increasing the lever of the weight, and diminishing the lever by which the load resists its efforts.

\* To give one instance—the Worcester mail was one of the slowest on the road, and the oftenest overturned. She is now fast, and reckoned one of the safest in England.

## THE ARMY.

The British army consists at present—

Of Field-Marshal . . . . .	6
Generals . . . . .	90
Lieutenant-Generals . . . . .	197
Major-Generals . . . . .	219
Colonels . . . . .	292
Lieutenant-Colonels . . . . .	582

1386

and the majors are nearly as numerous; making an aggregate of upwards of fifteen hundred generals and field-officers actually receiving pay from the British government.

If Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, or Gustavus Adolphus, were to revisit this earth, and be told, that the government of the little island of Great Britain employed upwards of five hundred generals to command about one hundred thousand men, they would not believe the information, although it came from an oracle!

By referring to the Army List it will be seen, that, in the British service, there is a commander-in-chief, with a secretary, who holds military levees, and reports to Lord Hill—a secretary at war, and his deputy—a master-general of the ordnance—a paymaster-general of the forces—an adjutant-general, and a quartermaster-general, with their respective deputies—and all these officers receive considerable salaries from the public. There are also a board of general officers for the clothing of the army, an acting committee, and a board of inspectors—also an inspector of army colours—commissioners of the military college—and commissioners of the military asylum.

## Notes of a Reader.

## RURAL RECOLLECTIONS.

(By the Author of the Corn Law Rhymes.)

FLOWERS, ye remind me of rock, vale, and wood,  
Haunts of my early days, and still loved well;  
Bloom not your sisters fair in Locksley's dell?  
And where the sun, o'er purpled moorlands wide,  
Gilds Wharfedale's oaks, while Don is dark below?  
And where the blackbird sings on Rother's side?  
And where Time spares the age of Conisbro'  
Sweet flowers, remembered well! your hues, your  
breath,

Call up the dead, to combat still with death:  
The spirits of my buried years arise!  
Again a child, where childhood roved I run;  
While groups of speedwell, with their bright blue  
eyes,

Like happy children, cluster in the sun.  
Still the wan primrose hath a golden core;  
The millfoil thousand-leaved as heretofore,  
Displays a little world of flowerets gray;  
And tiny maids might hither come to cull  
The wo-marked cowslip of the dewy May:  
And still the fragrant thorn is beautiful.  
I do not dream! Is it indeed a rose  
That, yonder in the deepening sunset, glows?  
Methinks the orchis of the fountained world  
Hath, in its well-known beauty, something new,  
Do I not know thy lofty disk of gold,  
Thou, that still wooest the sun, with passion true?  
No, splendid stranger! haply, I have seen

One, not unlike thee, but with humbler mien,  
Watching her lord. Oh, hily, fair as aught,  
Beneath the sky, thy pallid petals glow  
In evening's blush; but evening borrows naught  
Of thee, thou rival of the stainless snow—  
For thou art scentless. Lo! this finger'd flower,  
That round the cottage-window weaves a bower,  
Is not the woodbine; but that lowlier one,  
With thick green leaves, and spike of dusky fire,  
Enamoured of the thatch it grows upon,  
Might be the houseleek of rude Hallamshire,  
And would awake, beyond divorcing seas,  
Thoughts of green England's peaceful cottages.  
Yes, and this blue-eyed child of earth, that bends  
Its head on leaves, with liquid diamonds set,  
A heavenly fragrance in its sighing send;  
And though 'tis not our downcast violet,  
Yet might it, haply, to the zephyr tell,  
That 'tis beloved by village maids as well,  
Thou little, dusky, crimson-bosomed bird,  
Starting, but not in fear, from tree to tree,  
I never erst thy plaintive love-notes heard,  
Nor hast thou been a suppliant erst to me  
For table-crumbs, when winds bowed branch and  
stem,

And leafless twigs formed winter's diadem:—  
No, thou art not the bird that haunts the grange,  
Storm-pinched, with bright black eyes, and breast of  
dame.

I look on things familiar, and yet strange—  
Known, and yet new—most like, yet not the same.  
I hear a voice, ne'er heard before, repeat  
Songs of the past. But nature's voice is sweet,  
Wherever heard; her work, wherever seen,  
Are might and beauty to the mind and eye;  
To the lone heart, though oceans roll between,  
She speaks of things that but with life can die;  
And while, above the thundering Gihon's foam,  
That cottage smokes, my heart seems still at home,  
In England still, though there no mighty flood  
Sweeps like a foaming earthquake, from the clouds;  
But still in England, where rock-shading wood  
Shelters the peasant's home, remote from crowds,  
And sheltered once as noble hearts as e'er  
Dwelt in 'th' Almighty's form, and knew nor guilt nor  
fear.

How like an eagle, from his mile-high rock  
Down swoops the Gihon, smitten into mist  
On groaning crags, that, thunder-stunned, resist  
The headlong thunder, and eternal shock,  
Where, far below, like ages with their deeds,  
The watery anarchy doth foam and sweep!  
Now winged with light, which winged gloom suc-  
ceeds;

Now beautiful as hope, or wild and deep  
As fate's last mystery; now swift and bright  
As human joy, then black as horror's night!

(Quoted in the *Literary Gazette*.)

## TWELFE NIGHT, OR KING AND QUEENE.

(From Sandys's Carols.)

Now, now the mirth comes,  
With the cake full of plums,  
Where bean's the king of the sport here;  
Beside we must know,  
The pea also  
Must revell as queene in the court here.

Begin then to chuse,  
This night as ye use,  
Who shall for the present delight here;  
Be a king by the lot,  
And who shall not  
Be Twelfe-day queene for the night here.

Which knowne, let us make  
Joy-sops with the cake;  
And let not a man then be seen here,  
Who unarg'd will not drinke,  
To the base from the brink,  
A health to the king and the queene here.

Next crowne the bowle full  
 With gentle lambe-wool;  
 Adde sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,  
 With store of ale, too;  
 And thus ye must doe  
 To make the wassale a swinger.  
 Give then to the king  
 And queene wassailing;  
 And though with ale ye be whet here;  
 Yet part ye from hence  
 As free from offence,  
 As when ye innocent met here.

(Quoted in the *Albion*.)

#### ACCESSION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH received the tidings of this great change in her fortune at Hatfield, where she had resided for several years in the mild custody of Sir Thomas Pope, but under the watchful eye of a guard. On being apprised of her accession, she fell down on her knees, saying, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."\* She almost instantly gave an earnest of the principles which were to govern her reign, by accepting, on the same day, a note of advice† on the most urgent matters from Sir William Cecil, whom she restored to the post of secretary of state, which he had occupied under Edward, and from which he was removed by Mary. Although he was charged by some with a few compliances in the latter years of that princess, he was, nevertheless, known and trusted as a zealous and tried adherent of the protestant cause. He was sworn a privy-counsellor on the 20th, with his friends and followers, Parry, Rogers, and Cave. On that day, also, the Earl of Bedford, who had only a short time before returned from a visit to the protestant exiles at Zurich, took his seat at the same board. Though many of the privy counsellors of Mary were re-appointed, the principles of the majority of the queen's confidential servants, who held their sittings at Hatfield,‡ left no doubt of her policy. Of the doubtful three who were present there, the Earl of Pembroke was a perpetual conformist to the religion of the court. Lord Clinton received trusts and honours from Elizabeth, which showed him to be no enemy of her faith; and Lord William Howard was retained, in part, perhaps, from the queen's recollection that she was the grand niece of a Duke of Norfolk, which seems to have tinged the policy of her earlier years.

The council at Hatfield performed all the duties of a supreme administration. They gave orders to the admirals in the channel; they despatched instructions to the English plenipotentiaries at Cambray; they thanked the magistrates for staying prosecutions for

religion; they released such as were prisoners for that cause. Two of the exiles at Zurich returned so quickly, that no time could have been lost in giving them assurances before their departure of the good reception which they actually experienced. No reasonable man could, indeed, have doubted that the daughter of Anne Boleyn, the favourite sister of Edward VI., educated by learned and zealous protestants, should prefer the religion of which the adherents respected her legitimate birth, and maintained her royal title, on which their own hopes of safety depended, to followers of the catholic faith who viewed her as the fruit of an unhallowed union, to whom no other obedience could be due than might have been claimed by Nero.

The council at Hatfield issued their orders on Monday the 21st, for the ceremonial of the queen's entrance into London, which was fixed for Wednesday the 23rd, and on that day she made her solemn entrance into her capital. At the age of twenty-five years, which she had just passed, it is easy for a queen to be applauded for personal attractions. We are told by a Venetian minister, that she was then "a lady of great elegance both of mind and body; of a countenance rather pleasing than beautiful: tall and well made; her complexion fine, though rather dark; her eyes beautiful; and, above all, her hands, which she did not conceal." She is described by some as majestic, by others as haughty; but all representations concur in showing that her countenance and port were rather commanding than alluring, yet not without a certain lofty grace which became a ruler. The literary instruction which she had received from Roger Ascham had familiarized her mind, in her sixteenth year, with the two ancient languages which were at that time almost the sole inlets to the treasures of knowledge and the masterpieces of genius. Latin she acquired from the complete perusal of Cicero and Livy, the greatest prose writers of Rome. She compared the philosophical works of Plato with the abridgements of a Grecian philosophy by which Cicero instructed and delighted his fellow citizens; and she would be taught by Ascham how much the orations of Demosthenes, which she read under his eye, surpassed those of the greatest masters of Roman eloquence. She is mentioned by her preceptor as at the head of the lettered ladies of England, excelling even Jane Grey and Margaret Roper.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia*.—Sir James Mackintosh's *History of England*, vol. iii.

† Jewel to Peter Martyr, 26th January, 1559. Burton, book vi. Appendix. The names of these persons were Sands and Horn. Jewel, who was then at Strasbourg, had, before the date of his letter, received from Zurich the account sent from England to that town of the favourable reception of these two men.

\* Naunton's *Fragmenta Regalia*.

† Strype, *Ann. i. 5*. Oxford edition, 1824. The records of the privy council, in the first three years of Elizabeth, are wanting at the Council Office.

‡ Lodge's *Illustrations*, i. 302. 306.

## Fine Arts.

## CROSBY HALL.

[CROSBY HALL is a rare and beautiful specimen of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century. It should, therefore, be preserved as a canon art; and we are happy to find, a committee of gentlemen has been formed to further its restoration. One of the most intelligent of the members, Mr. E. I. Carlos, has, however, in our estimation aided the funds by a hundred-fold more than his subscription, in publishing a pamphlet of Historical and Antiquarian Notices of the Hall, which will probably set persons thinking and talking about this interesting structure,—induce them to visit the same,—and, we may almost add, consequently, to subscribe their quota for its preservation.]

Upwards of five years and a half since,\* we engraved Crosby House in our pages; but the interest in its fate has recently caused it to be re-engraved by our contemporaries. We shall, therefore, only quote, from Mr. Carlos's tract, the description of the present state of the Hall, or principal apartment; presuming that the reader is in possession of the association of the structure with the headlong-history of Richard III., as enshrined in the immortal verse of Shakespeare.]

The entrance to the Hall was in all probability through one or more doorways in the south wall, beneath the passage which preceded the present entrance to Crosby square;† this passage, in such case, would have sustained a gallery separated from the Hall by a lofty screen of timber, occupying the space between the passage and the roof, and which, through arches, would admit a view of the Hall from the gallery. At the opposite end was a similar screen, which not only separated the adjacent apartments from the Hall, but also admitted a view from some of them into the Hall. Galleries of this description were common to most ancient halls; one of such galleries being always the music or minstrels' gallery, and they were also used for other purposes.‡ How far the truth of these conjectures

\* See Mirror, vol. ix. p. 393.

† At Fossebury a passage runs through the wall in a similar manner. It forms the only communication between the principal and the garden court. The splendid Hall of the Middle Temple has a similar passage still in use, which lately communicated with a suite of chambers.

‡ "The Minstrels' Gallery in Haddon Hall was resorted to by the family when they chose to have no direct intercourse with the assembled visitors in the space below. This arrangement was common, perhaps without exception, in the mansions built during the reigns of Elizabeth and James; and the magnificent character of the Halls of that age may be witnessed at Burton Agnes, Longleat, and Hatfield. The screen in the first is a design of extraordinary richness, and that in the last of grandeur, which it is impossible not to admire. Its summit reaches nearly to the ceiling, and conceals the appearance of a gallery, from which, however, a view of the room is obtained through a handsome arcade."—This extract,

is borne out by the present state of Crosby Hall will appear in the course of the ensuing description. The interior is now seen to disadvantage, owing to the two floors which have been erected since the building was completed;§ but one benefit results from this arrangement, in its allowing a closer inspection of the roof than could otherwise be obtained.

The minstrels' gallery, or rather its site, at the recent commemoration of Sir Thomas Gresham, held on Thursday, the 12th of July, was occupied by the choir engaged in the musical performances of that interesting festival, at the conclusion of the service in the church; and, after a lapse of so many years, the ancient roof of Crosby Hall once more resounded with the voice of harmony.

The matchless roof, or ceiling, is decidedly one of the finest specimens of timber-work in existence. It differs from many other examples in respect of being an inner roof; the generality of ancient coverings of the same material showing the actual timbers of the roof, set off with ornamental mouldings and additions.|| It is constructed of oak or chestnut, it is difficult to say which; the section shows a low pointed arch, approaching to an ellipsis, a form admirably calculated for the dissemination of sound. In plan it is made into eight divisions in length, and four in breadth; each of which principal compartments is again subdivided, by moulded styles, into four smaller divisions or panels, as nearly square as the coving of the ceiling would admit. From the points of intersection of the main divisions hang pendants, which end in octagonal ornaments, pierced with small niches, each pendant forming the centre of four arches; so that in whatever point it is viewed, the design presents a series of arches of elegant construction; and, as lightness appears to be the characteristic of the entire composition,

showing a similar arrangement in ancient buildings to that which the present appearance of Crosby Hall seems to indicate, is from "An Historical and Descriptive Account of the Royal Palace of Eltham, by John Chessell Backler," Oct. 1838: a small work, but replete with information on ancient, domestic architecture, a branch of architectural study to which the author has devoted great attention, and who is now enlarging the extent of his knowledge in the splendid Old English mansion he is engaged in building for Lord Stafford, at Cossey, co. Norfolk.

§ The lower floor was probably inserted at the time of the conversion of the Hall into a meeting-house, as the panelling still remaining appears to indicate. The upper was added since the Hall became a packer's warehouse.

|| There are many specimens of timber roofing attainable to residents in the metropolis, who may be desirous of studying this branch of architecture; for whose information the following list, with dates of the buildings, is subjoined:—Westminster Hall, 1397; Crosby Hall, 1466; Eltham Palace, before 1432; Beddington, near Croydon Hall; of the Archbishop's Palace, Croydon; Hampton Court, temp. Henry VIII.; Gray's Inn Hall, temp. Philip and Mary; the Middle Temple Hall, 1570; and Lambeth Palace, temp. Car. II.

tion, the spandrels of these arches are pierced with perpendicular tressel-headed niches. The principal timbers are ornamented with small flowers, or knots of foliage in a hollow; and the whole springs from octangular corbels of stone attached to the piers between the windows. And here the superior taste of the architect is strikingly displayed, in the method in which he has avoided an horizontal impost to his ceiling, by constructing arches of timber corresponding with the ornamental portions of the roof above the lateral windows, and thus completely avoiding a horizontal line, which was as much the abomination of our ancient architects, as it is the favourite of our modern ones. These arches are surmounted by an entablature of the most elegant design, consisting of a moulded architrave, a frieze of pierced quatrefoils in square panels, and an embattled cornice; each quatrefoil contained a small flower, of which fifty-six originally existed on each side of the Hall. The designs, notwithstanding the number, were dissimilar. Of these tasteful ornaments only fourteen exist on the east side, and twenty on the west, many having been carried away by idle persons. It is greatly to be regretted, that a wanton spirit of destruction should exist in this country to an extent so great as almost to form a stigma on the national character; but it is to be hoped that the universal diffusion of knowledge, so prevalent at this time, will give rise to better feelings. The louvre, or lantern, which forms so ornamental a feature in most of the ancient halls, the use of which was to allow of the escape of the smoke from the fire, which was made on a hearth below it, is here situated in the centre of the fourth division of the ceiling from the south. It was hexagonal in plan; and the aperture is now closed by the same piece of wood-work which originally formed its roof.

From the present appearance of the Hall, many have been led to conclude, that the ceiling is not perfect, but that originally it was continued at each end to a greater extent. That this was not the fact is evident from the circumstance of the extreme trusses being only half the thickness of the others, and being furnished with mouldings on the inner side only; so it is evident that the ceiling in its pristine state was not of greater extent than at present, and the extremities, which are now open, were then closed by screens abutting immediately upon the half trusses.

The oriel, which has ever been regarded as one of the best features of the building, forms an ornamented recess in the side of the Hall. This appendage is vaulted with stone beautifully groined, the ribs springing from small pillars attached to the angles. At several of the points of intersection of the vaulting are knots of foliage, and in the centre is a boss of a superior size, on which is carved, in relief, the crest of Sir John Crosbie, a ram trip-

pant; and on one of the other bosses is a shield, charged apparently with his arms.

If the present floors were cleared away it would be seen, that a great extent of wall exists beneath the sills of the windows. In this respect the Hall of Crosby Place resembles that of Eltham Palace, and, like that matchless specimen of ancient grandeur, this space was probably covered with tapestry.\*

This wall is pierced with a doorway near the oriel, communicating with the apartment under the council-chamber, and in the north wall is a fire-place; the aperture is covered with a low pointed arch, with decorated spandrels, 10 feet 6 wide, and 7 feet high. The existence of a fire-place in a hall of the age of Crosby Place, is at least singular, if not unique. The fire was made on a hearth in the centre of the floor of the ancient dining-halls, and the smoke was allowed to escape through the louvre, as before observed. The builder of Crosby Hall must have been possessed of a more refined taste than his contemporaries; and, feeling the inconvenience attending a fire of the old description, adopted the plan of confining it to the recessed fire-place and the chimney.

The hall was paved with stone, in small, square slabs disposed diagonally, but divided by five lines of the same sort of slabs, running the whole length of the building in parallel lines, two of which are even with the side-walls, a third is in the centre of the pavement, and the other two about the middle of the intervening space. The probable use of these lines in the pavement was, to assist in the arrangement of the tables at a feast.

In concluding the description of the Great Hall it is only necessary to add, that the windows were anciently glazed with stained glass. "Until within the last fifteen years," says the author of the description of this Hall in *'Londina Illustrata,'* fol. 1819, "many fragments of stained glass adorned and beautified some of the windows; but they have been accidentally broken, and given away to the antiquarian visitors who have occasionally investigated the place."

Such is the Great Hall; which, notwithstanding the present state of dilapidation, may effectually be restored to a state nearly, if not quite, approaching to its ancient beauty.

[Mr. Carlos's "Notices" are throughout neatly written; and with, what is still more important than ornament, a knowledge of his subject, and an enthusiastic regard for its preservation.]

\* Buckler's Eltham.

## The Gatherr.

*The Duchess de Berri.*—Blaye, in the castle of which the Duchess of Berry is confined, is situated on the right bank of the

Gironde, about seven leagues from Bordeaux, and nine from the well-known tower or light-house of Cordovan, which serves as a land mark to the entrance into the river. The town contains 4,500 inhabitants, and is the seat of a Sub-Prefecture. It was known to the Romans, and is mentioned by Ausonius under the name of Blavia. It is divided into two parts by a small river, into which the tide flows, one of which is called the upper, the other the lower, town. The lower town is principally occupied by merchants and traders; the other part is built on the top of a steep, rocky ascent, on which are erected four bastions, enclosing the tower, and forming altogether a very strong citadel. Blaye has a Tribunal de Premiere Instance, a Tribunal of Commerce, an Agricultural Society, and a theatre. The centre of the town is ornamented by a handsome public fountain. Its port is but an open roadstead, in which the vessels that ascend and descend the Gironde come to an anchor. It, however, carries on a considerable trade in wines, brandies, oil, soap, grapes, building timber, and other articles. There are yards in which large and small coasting vessels are built. Caribert, king of France, son of Clotaire I., died there in 572 or 574. In 1568, the Protestants surprised it, and committed great ravages. The river is here upwards of 4,150 yards wide, and in 1689, a new battery, called Le Paté, was erected upon a small island, about one 1,500 yards from the town, which, with the citadel and Fort Médoc, placed on the opposite shore, are sufficient by their cross-firing to defend the approach to Bordeaux from the sea. The environs of Blaye were formerly marshes, but they have been drained, and are now extremely fertile in both corn and wines. W. G. C.

*American Electioneering.*—The term Caucus, is used in North America for a kind of electioneering committee; caucussing denoting electioneering. Gordon, in his history of the American Revolutions, says, "about the year 1738, the father of Samuel Adams, and twenty others who lived in the north or shipping part of Boston, used to meet to make a caucus and lay their plan for introducing certain persons into places of trust. Each distributed the ballots in his own circle, and they generally carried the election. As this practice originated in the shipping part of Boston, caucus might have probably been a corruption of caulker's meeting." P. T. W.

*Women Walking.*—Many people labour under an unaccountable delusion, imagining, in their hallucination, that a Frenchwoman, for instance, or even an Englishwoman—nay, some in their madness have been heard to say that a Scotchwoman—has been known to walk. Egregious errors all! An Irishwoman of the true Milesian descent can

walk a step or two sometimes, but all other women, fair or brown, short or tall, stout or thin, only stump, shuffle, jig, or amble—none but a Spaniard can walk.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

*The Earl of Cork* being under the correction of his schoolmaster, received the following reproachful accompaniment with the rod:—"One of your ancestors invented an Orriery, and another of them gave to the world a translation of Pliny; but you, I fear, will never invent any thing but mischief, nor translate any thing but an idle boy into a foolish man: so that, instead of myrtle, you shall be honoured with birch."

*The Poppy.*—It is so called, according to the most learned etymologists, because it was commonly mixed with the pap, *papa*, given to children, in order to procure sleep. The common red poppy, or *papaver erraticum*, is one of the most troublesome and mischievous weeds the farmers are plagued with among their corn, and it is more difficult to thoroughly destroy than almost any other. Tull gives an instance of the seeds of this plant being buried four and twenty years in a field of Saintfoin, and at the end of that time, the land being ploughed for wheat, they all grew up among the corn, though they had lain dormant so long. P. T. W.

*The Unicorn.*—According to a letter from Bishop Bruguières, (published by Klaproth) the unicorn, hitherto considered fabulous, exists in Siam. The bishop, says, its head is larger than that of an ox, and the horn rises from its forehead, and points upward: it is remarkably fast in its speed and bounds like our deer.

*A Translation.*—Mr. Manners who had been but lately created Earl of Rutland, said to Sir Thomas More, "You are so much elated with your preferments, that you verify the old proverb

'Honours mutant Mores.'"

"No, my Lord," said Sir Thomas, "the piece will do much better in English, Honours change Manners."

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